

# The Poor, The Fair And The Good

Silver Jews

The river winds 'round these little green hills  
And stays in the woods for days  
We were built to consider the unmanifested  
And make of love an immaculate place

I hear a smile and a tear in you voice  
Don't lay the groundwork for a case of remorse  
When you feel that first ice cold twist in the wind  
I'll come back the way that I came  
Shot of dixie hemlock will take care of the pain

Now a man keeps his money folded square in his pocket  
And doesn't take everything that he could  
He'll rise like a lion and line himself up  
With the poor, the fair, and the good

When you feel that first ice cold twist in the wind  
Will you hang a lamp at the end of the lane?  
Black-eyed susans from the Maryland shore  
We'll trim back the thorns around the hospital door  
More will be seen than will be understood  
Go with the poor, the fair, and the good  
The poor, the fair, and the good